

In Love And Handcuffed by RaduIsSatansNumOne

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Summary:

Some things are better unspoken. The sexual tension between Steve and Jonathan wasn't one of them. The kids decided to make these two do something with it, so they handcuffed them together. It was better idea than any of them suspected.

In Love And Handcuffed

Author's Note:

This story doesn't have a beta read, so there may be some mistakes. Sorry. Now enjoy yourself.

It was a long stupid day.

Steve and Jonathan were trying not to kill each other for too long now, so their tiredness was actually true. If one of them was girl, everybody would joke about their sexual tension, but because they were *just* boys, nobody seemed to care.

Well, that wasn't exactly true, few people cared a little bit too much.

The kids cared about Will's older brother and their "dad", how they referred to him sometimes. Sometimes, it drove them crazy just how dumb these two were. Everybody could see and even feel that they were in love. Except for Jonathan and Steve.

"I think that we, um, might need to share a room for tonight," Jonathan stammered. Steve looked at him like he said something forbidden, like Lord Voldemort or something.

"God," Steve rolled his eyes. But his disagreement wasn't exactly real, he was happy to spend time with the not so happy boy. He followed Jonathan to his room.

Jonathan was shaking inside a little, well, more like lottle. It's like little, except a lot. His stupid crush was going to sleep in his room. With him. His inner voice was screaming and laughing and making him even more nervous.

Few minutes later, Jonathan and Steve were actually lying in the same bed. Both of them pretended that they were so tired that they fell asleep almost instantly.

But Jonathan couldn't sleep. There were hundreds and hundreds of thoughts in his head trying to keep him awake. It seemed to him like they were racing - the one to hunt him for the longest time would

win.

Steve, the guy of his dreams, the love of his life, was lying next to him and he couldn't do anything. All he wanted to do was turn to the other side and look deeply into Steve's eyes and kiss him. Jonathan thought about Steve almost all day, every day. But he never told anyone, not even his little brother.

Jonathan, every time he closed his eyes, imagined Steve. Steve and his stupid perfect hair and nice butt and amazing... *soul*. The last thing was the most painful, because Jonathan felt like Steve was the nicest person on this planet. It was so painful to be just his *friend* maybe not even that. He felt like he was just a filling for the times Nancy didn't have time to hang out. Steve, Nancy and kids were perfect team, Jonathan was just *there*.

His depressing thoughts were slowly putting him to sleep when something cold touched his hand.

Jonathan looked down at his hand. The room was dark, so he had to concentrate really hard. A giant piece of iron wrapped around his wrist caught his eye. "Steve?" he said quietly. When the older guy didn't respond, Jonathan raised his voice. He even poked him a little. "Steve!"

"What?" the said boy screamed. "Do you understand that I need to fucking sleep? Tomorrow are finals, you twit!"

Jonathan raised his eyebrows and slightly opened his mouth. He didn't know what to do or say. Yeah, he and Steve didn't get along well, but Steve never or at least for few weeks now raised his voice like that at him. "I just... Someone, um, handcuffed us together..." he whispered as if he was scared of the other boy's reaction.

"Really funny, Byers. Now let me go to sleep," Steve murmured. As he was trying to move to the other side of the mattress, something held him back. "Byers, I swear to God, if you don't let go of my hand, I will fucking kill you!" Steve sounded so angry it made Jonathan even more afraid.

"Steve... I wasn't -"

"Jonathan. Fucking. Byers. Let go of my fucking hand!" Steve yelled and nearly jumped on the mattress. Jonathan had tears in his eyes. His hand was aching because it was taut for so long. His eyes locked with Steve's. "I wasn't... It's because of this..." his voice was shaking and almost cracking up. He showed Steve his hand with that stupid iron thing.

Steve looked so serious right now. Jonathan even thought it was the first time he didn't look like a douchebag. "Why would you do that?" Steve finally sat so they could look at each other straight.

"Me? You think I am idiot? Why the fuck would I do that?"

"I don't know, maybe because you love me so much you can't resist it," Steve proceeded through his teeth with big fake smile.

"Me loving you?" Jonathan tried to laugh ironically. "Well that's possible as..." he couldn't find the right words. "That's possible as you finding a girl stupid enough to marry you!"

"Don't be jealous, Jonny boy," Steve murmured. Jonathan was trying to hold back tears. "Don't cry, Jonny boy, maybe she will let us do some adult things," he smiled really cocky and raised his eyebrows.

The silence in the room was almost hurting them. Both of them were trying too hard to stay calm but being calm was the only thing they weren't at the moment.

Jonathan looked down at his crotch and began to sob. "I am such a coward," he thought to himself. He didn't want to cry, ever, but now, with Steve right in front of him, it made him feel even worse.

"I am such an idiot," Steve insulted himself in his thoughts and had to fight the urge to slap himself. "Please, don't cry," Steve whispered and placed his not handcuffed hand onto the other boy's thigh. He slowly massaged it. "Jonny, look at me."

Jonathan looked up and once again locked up with Steve's eyes. Steve smiled and nodded. Steve's smile made Jonathan smile too. Steve, pleased with himself, moved closer to Jonathan.

"I don't think we should..." Jonathan tried to say calmly, but his voice

was shaking a little. Steve placed his hand on Jonathan's cheek. "Steve, I don't think it's a good idea..." Steve smiled a little more.

"Yeah, it's probably not," he moved closer. He was still smiling. Jonathan closed his eyes really slowly. Steve placed his lips on Jonathan's and began to move them a little.

The kiss was pretty short, but still the best both the guys ever had.

They held hands - the handcuffed hands. Jonathan opened his eyes and smiled. "Steve, ya know, I always... it may sound cliché, but I have always loved you." Jonathan was blushing so hard it made Steve smile a little bit more. He caressed Jonathan's cheek.

"Jonny boy, trust me, I love you too."

The kids standing behind the almost closed doors started laughing. Dustin turned to Mike and said: "Tell Nancy she doesn't have a boyfriend anymore." The only problem was that Mike wasn't paying attention to anything that happened in last few minutes. He and El were too busy kissing. The boys smiled and just left. This time everything was perfect for all four of them.

And they wanted to keep it that way.

Author's Note:

If you read this whole thing, you are amazing. Thank you. Have a nice day.